

What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.  
But by bad counsels may be vnderstood,  
That their euents can neuer fall out good.

*Rich.* Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* straight,  
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,  
To see this businesse: to morrow next  
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:  
And we create in absence of our selfe  
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Gouvernor of England:  
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.  
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*Alaric North. Wiltoughby, & Ross.*

*Nor.* Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

*Wil.* Barely in title, not in reuennue.

*Nor.* Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great: but it must break with silence,  
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

*Nor.* Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more  
That speaks thy words againe to do thee harme.

*Wil.* Tends that thou dost speake to th' Du. of Hereford,

If it be so, out with it boldly man,  
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him,  
Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

*Nor.* Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are  
borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe  
Of noble blood in this declining Land;  
The King is not himselfe, but basely led  
By flatterers, and what they will informe  
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,  
That will the King severely persecute  
Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

*Ross.* The Commons hath he pil'd with greuous taxes  
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Wil.* And daily new exactions are deuiz'd,  
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:  
But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

*Nor.* Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.  
But basely yeelded vpon comprimize,  
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:  
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

*Ross.* The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the realme in Farme.

*Wil.* The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

*Nor.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

*Ross.* He hath not monie for these Irish warres:  
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

*Nor.* His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:  
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,  
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:

We see the winde sit fore vpon our sailes,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perishe.

*Ross.* We see the very wracke that we must suffer,  
And vnauoyded is the danger now

For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

*Nor.* Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,  
I spie life peering: but I dare not say

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

*Wil.* Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

*Ross.* Be confident to speake Northumberland,

We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

*Nor.* Then thus: I haue from *Port le Blanc*

A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,

That *Harry Duke of Herford*, *Ramald Lord Cobham*,

That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,

His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,

*Sir Thomas Erpingham*, *Sir John Rainsford*,

*Sir John Norberie*, *Sir Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quaint*,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Impe our drooping Countries broken wing,

Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,

Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,

And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,

Away with me in poste to *Rauensthorpe*,

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

*Ross.* To horie, to horie, vrged doubts to them I feare

*Wil.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.*

*Bush.* Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,  
You promis'd when you parted with the King,  
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,  
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

*Qu.* To please the King, I did: to please my selfe  
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,  
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,

Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe  
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule  
With nothing trembles, at something it greues,

More then with parting from my Lord the King.

*Bush.* Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows  
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:

For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,  
Diuides one thing intire, to many objects,

Like perspective, which rightly gaz'd vpon  
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,

Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie  
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,

Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,  
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadows  
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,

More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not  
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,

Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

*Qu.* It may be so: but yet my inward soule  
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,  
I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,  
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,  
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.

*Bush.* 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady)

*Queene.*

*Qu.* 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd  
From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something greefe,  
Or something, hath the nothing that I greefe,  
Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,  
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what  
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

*Enter Greene.*

*Gre.* Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle-  
I hope the King is not yet ship't for *Ireland*. (men)

*Qu.* Why hop'st thou so? I is better hope he is:  
For his desires craue hast, his hast good hope,

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not ship't?

*Gre.* That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,  
and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,

Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.

The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,

And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd  
At *Rauensthorpe*.

*Qu.* Now God in heauen forbid,

*Gr.* O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,

The *L. Northumberland*, his yong sonne *Henrie Percie*,

The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Wiltoughby*,

With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

*Bush.* Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland  
And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

*Gre.* We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worcester  
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,

And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.

*Qu.* So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,

And *Bullinbrook* my sorrowes dismal heyre:

Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,

And I a gasping new deliuered mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.

*Bush.* Dispaire not Madam.

*Qu.* Who shall hinder me?

I will dispaire, and be at enmitie

With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false hopes linger in extremity.

*Enter Yorke*

*Gre.* Heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*.

*Qu.* With signes of warre about his aged necke,

Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:

*Yor.* Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,

Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:

Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,

Whilst others come to make him loofe at home:

Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,

Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:

Now comes the sickle houre that his surfet made,

Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

*Enter a servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

*Yor.* He was: why so: go all which way it will:

The Nobler they are fled, the Commons they are cold,

And will I feare reuolt on *Herfords* side.

*Sirra*, get thee to *Plaihe* to my sister *Gloster*,

Did her send me presently a thousand pound,

Hold, take my Ring.

*Ser.* My Lord, I had forgot

To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,

But I shal greue you to report the rest.

*Yor.* What is't knaue?

*Ser.* An hour

*Yor.* Heau'n

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